

# Orange and Blue.

ALABAMA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.

VOL. X.

AUBURN, ALABAMA, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1904.

NO. 6.

## THE CLASS GAMES.

That part of the foot-ball season is over; but the class games are yet to come. Though they lack those essentials which are necessary for the promotion of collegiate spirit, they are nevertheless important factors in the preservation of class pride. They also bring out good material which would probably be lost but for their influence. Men who consider the effort to attain and hold a place on the Varsity or Scrub Team too strenuous an exertion are enabled to participate in the class games without undue strain.

The following have been selected as Captains and Managers of their respective class teams:

### SENIOR CLASS.

Merkel, Captain.  
McEniry, Manager.

### JUNIOR CLASS.

Reynolds, Captain.  
Perkins, Manager.

### SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Bragg, Captain.  
Camp, Manager.

### FRESHMAN CLASS.

Milner, Captain.  
Battle, Manager.

## THE GLOMERATA.

The following have been constituted the Board of Editors of the Glomerata, the annual publication of the members of the Senior Class. They are a very efficient Board and will probably turn out a book that will reflect credit on the class of 1904.

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## ANONYMOUS CONTRIBUTION.

### I.

Each isle that dots the mighty deep,  
Each pathway on the barren shore,  
Each crag that crowns the mountain steep,  
Each rock that paves the ocean's floor,  
Is pregnant with that beauty fair,  
Which God to all His creatures gave,  
And though we seek it everywhere,  
We find it—even in the grave.

### II.

Though useless some to us may seem,  
And some to "walk with aimless feet,"  
Though reason weak discern no beam,  
Yet still 'tis with that light replete.  
Lead us blind on, O Spirit mild!

It is not meet that we should know;  
Sufficient 'tis that in the wild  
Of life, we gather what we sow.

## BASE BALL.

For some reason or other Auburn has always been a little backward in the base-ball line—either because foot-ball crowds the season here, or because the proper support was lacking. This should not be the case. Base-ball is as true a sport as there is on the field; and with the proper management and support Auburn should not be ashamed of her team. With a student body of very nearly five hundred we should turn out as fast a team as any college can muster against us, and just a little faster when the proverbial "iger spirit" is taken into consideration. If any fellow feels that he can catch anything from a hot biscuit to a still hotter ball, let him start to practicing at once. If anyone thinks that his arm is too strong for anything except the "box," let him begin earnest work at once—so that when the base-ball season lands here in full blast he can show the stuff he's made of and help Auburn to win wherever he puts a ball.

Under the able direction of "Tubby" Hall as Manager and W. G. Boyd as Captain the coming base-ball season should be a success.

## DURING THE HOLIDAYS.

During the holidays President C. C. Thach and Dr. George Petrie attended a joint convention of The American Historical Association and American Economic Association held in New Orleans. President Thach also made an address before the Southern Educational Association in Atlanta.

## THE FORMATION OF THE UNION LEAGUE IN ALABAMA.

In the September number of the Gulf States Historical Magazine there occurs a leading article of much interest to Alabama historians by Walter L. Fleming, entitled "The Formation of the Union League in Alabama." Mr. Fleming is an old alumnus of Auburn, and is at present a professor in one of the West Virginia colleges. He is a fair demonstration of the line of work being carried on by Dr. George Petrie of this college, and has made quite a reputation for himself in historical fields.

## NOTICE.

Won't all of you who have subscribed for this paper and who have not paid your subscription, kindly hand the amount, one dollar, to the Business Manager or any of the Board of Editors at an early date? It will be a great help to us and will save us from making you a personal visit some night.

Can't you do this?

Remember this paper is not like Prof. Fullan's automobile. It won't run on gas.

## JUNGLE RHYMES.

III.  
The night came on and the stars were closed,  
The woof monk the while,  
Would gaze first at the heavenly stars,  
Then at that crocodile.  
He contemplated suicide,  
He fain would leave his perch,  
But well he knew the crocodile  
Would "fix his bones for church."  
Therefore he thought a second time,  
"Tho' hopelessly forlorn,  
No one knows what the morrow brings,  
I think I'll wait 'till morn."  
The night dragged by, the day awoke,  
And beautiful was the dawn.  
The crocodile awoke and stretched,  
And yawned a mighty yawn.  
Now the monkey had his trusty staff,  
(An heir-loom in the family),  
Which to have lost without good cause,  
Would have brought him sure consternation.  
And when the crocodile opened his mouth  
So wide that he could not see  
The monkey propt it with his staff,  
And felt that he was free.  
The crocodile in such a fix,  
Had never been before,  
And quite perplexed, with head in air,  
He struck out for the shore.  
The monkey guessing he'd do this  
Had jumped upon his back  
And on they went toward the shore  
As fast as they could pack.  
The crocodile was so engaged,  
The monkey's weight so small,  
That the crocodile throughout his trip  
Never noticed the monk at all.  
Just as they reached a landing place,  
The monkey sprang ashore.  
The crocodile on seeing this  
Was bewildered all the more.  
"Many thanks," said the monkey with  
A grimace and bow,  
"I enjoy such delightful rides,  
It has given me quite a good appetite  
For breakfast,—and dinner besides.  
Perhaps you yourself are hungry by now,  
"So come with me to the woods,  
And I'll give you a nice ripe cocoa-nut—  
"The best of my worldly goods."  
The crocodile was in a rage,  
He could not stand such teasing.  
With mouth propt wide he ran about,  
Puffing, snorting, wheezing.  
The monkey made his distance good  
And then began to jeer.  
The crocodile chased him about  
With head and tail in air.  
In zigzags, then in circles,  
And round and round they flew,  
The crocodile enveloped  
In an atmosphere of blue.  
With skill acquired in his youth  
The monkey climbed a tree,  
And sitting calmly on a limb,  
"Good morning, Croc," said he.  
"What are you doing ashore today?  
"On business? Is it true?  
"Perhaps your larder's empty,  
"Or is your house rent due?"  
The crocodile at all of this  
Filled with exasperation  
And puffed and wheezed and goggled  
With much jesticulation.  
"Now to come down to pebbles and hickory nuts,"  
The monkey said with a grin,  
"You saved my life, now if I save yours  
"Are we friends through thick and thin?"  
The crocodile seeing new hopes arise  
Expressed his affirmation.  
And after all he was quite pleased  
At the monk's commiseration.  
Down came the monkey from the tree,  
"Come, follow me," he said,  
"I have a kinsman over here  
"Whose ads. perhaps you've read.  
"It is old John O'rang-outang,  
"A dentist by profession,  
"Who makes EXTRactions  
WITHOUT PAIN,  
"And changes facial expression.  
(Part IV—Monkey takes Crocodile to see the dentist.)

## EXCHANGES.

The following exchanges have been received: The Clemson Chronicle, The Journal, The Davidson College Magazine, The Howard Collegian, Georgia Tech, The Winthrop College Magazine, The Eatonian University Tennessee Magazine, The Review and Bulletin, The College Reflector, Red and Black, Crimson-White, Mercerian, Georgian, Reville, Olive and Blue, Hustler and Sewanee Purple.

These were read with much interest by the editors. The Journal, Davidson College Magazine, and Clemson Chronicle contain many articles full of forcible thought and creditable to their editors.

We are glad to add to the list of our exchanges The Review and Bulletin, of the Southern University, and the Demeter, of the L. S. U.; the former of which is one of the best college magazines published in Alabama.

## Clippings.

The Zephyr bloweth,  
The farmer soweth,  
The subscriber owesth,  
The Editor knoweth,  
We need our dues.  
So come a-runnin',  
We're not dunnin',  
This thing of dunnin'  
Gives us the blues.

—Ex.

## Next.

Sam—"I knew a man who was so large that he had to go out doors to turn over."

Mack—"Why I knew a man who was so big and heavy his shadow killed a little boy when it fell on him."

Sam—"I knew a man who was so thin that he did not have any shadow at all."

Mack—"I knew a man whose nose was so long that he had to step three paces to the front to reach the end of it."

Sam—"Say, I've been trying to cut a piece of beef in two for thirty days and I ain't hid the knife blade yet."

Mack—"That's nothing; I had a piece of beef the other day that was so tough you could not stick a fork in the gravy."

Sam—"Take the cake."

An Howard cadet, witnessing a foot-ball game played last season at West End Park, remarked to a stander-by, "Auburn certainly reforms their line quick." It seems that the critic of the game needs a little "information" along certain lines.

"Tempus fugit," said the Romans; Yes alas! 'tis fleeting on;  
Ever coming  
Ever going  
Life is short, and soon 'tis gone.  
But as I think of next vacation  
Pouring over these lessons huge,  
Ever harder  
Ever longer  
All I say is, "Let her fuge."

—Ex.

## In Idle Hours.

All that flushes up is not real cheek.

Many a young man has the cheek to make violent love to a girl every night, when he knows he hasn't enough funds to balance up her chewing-gum account.

It takes more than a family tree and a broad "a" accent to establish the open "dough" policy in society these days.

When we say that a man's a diamond in the rough, we do not necessarily mean to compare him to charcoal.—Ex.

Sunday School Teacher—When bad children called the old man "bald head," the bears came out of the woods and ate them up. What does that teach us?

Scholar—To always climb a tree before calling names.

## A Swarm of Bees.

B patient, B prayerful, B humble, B mild;  
B wise as a solon, B meek as a child;  
B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind;  
B sure you make matter subservient to mind;  
B cautious, B prudent, B truthful, B true;  
B courteous to all men, B friendly with few;  
B temperate in argument, in pleasure, in wine;  
B careful of conduct, of money, of time;  
B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm;  
B peaceful, benevolent, willing to learn;  
B gentle, courageous, B liberal, B just;  
B humble, aspiring because thou art dust;  
B penitent, circumspect, sound in faith;  
B active, devoted, B faithful till death;  
B honest, dependent, transparent, B pure;  
B holy, B Christ-like, and you'll B secure.

—Ex.

## Evolution.

Evolution Lord of time,  
Seems still evolving yet,  
For woman's skirts doth tighter grow  
While trousers looser get.—Ex.

An Irishman was training an unruly horse. In his struggles the horse got his foot in the stirrup. Pat angrily called out, "Now if ye's goin' to git on, I'll git off.—Ex.

She met him in the darkened hall,  
He said, "I've brought some roses;"  
Her answer seemed irrevant,  
It was, How cold your nose is.

—Ex.

## How the Sexes Differ.

When a man reckons up how much it costs him to live, he figures on how much is left for clothes; when a woman has figured up what her clothes cost, she estimates how much is left to live on.—Ex.

Here's to the love that lies in the summer girl's eyes,  
And—lies—sighs—and dies.

—Ex.

Think twice before you speak  
and then talk to yourself.—Ex.

JOHN McDUFFIE, Jr.

## Orange and Blue

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College Y. M. C. A.—Sunday, 3 p. m.; Y. M. C. A. Hall.

Now for a new start, a fresh leaf, and something to make us forget our sins.

This issue of the ORANGE AND BLUE comes out on the thirteenth of the month, unluckiest of days. From now on our steps will be dogged by the Nemesis of superstition: a shadow will ever walk behind us, tall, gaunt, and hungry for our bones. Ours will be long days and sleepless nights; and the days will be as the nights, black because of the hosts of fears that press upon us.

## THE TYRANT.

The long white halls are silent with the silence of the gasps of the dying. The people creep about in whispers, from the red room to the blue room, on and on to the twelfth room, the gray December. Here lies in state the sick one, in mock majesty the royal one; and thirty-one candles cast a ghastly glow over his drawn features. The marble pillars stand like sentinels—stained in the service of their monarch, they stare at each other in dumb despair and hoarsely cry to each other in words that cannot be heard for their grief: "Our glory is shattered, our king is dying." The candles sputter, trickling down their golden sides to tell a tale that is too long in the telling. The last one grows dimmer and dimmer, with only a faint stream of light to tell that it lives; then it goes out as a blown flower, the sweetest of the sweet, might go. The room is gray and cold. The king is dead.

That was the old year, but bend your ear to the walls. Far down the halls, at the other end beyond the scenes of death, in the first room of the twelve there is a little cry—so weak it is—but welcome throats take it up till it leaps like an armed war-cry to beat back the silence of the dead. A new-comer lies in a bed of purple; and the people tread lightly with the joy of a new allegiance in their knees. It is a babe; its dimples are but a few days old, and its little laugh sounds sweetly strange in the big room. A great red fire throws its lights across the little bed, shifting the ee— and there on the white robes. The room is soft and warm. Long live the king.

That is the new year, the child of hope, the little son of a dead father. The people flock down the halls, chilled with the sight of the corpse in the gray room—shivering because of dead hopes that died with their king. They enter where lies the little one with its big blue eyes staring their innocence and promise. Each one who comes broken with sorrow from the body of the dead king kneels over the cot of the babe and whispers, "I will do better;" and with his heart moistened by the rains of mercy in the face of the child slowly gives way to the next. Bells announce that the little king does well, and bells tell the joy of the people. The world is glad again.

Those are new-year resolutions. But suddenly there comes a knocking at the outer door of the palace and someone commands, "Open—open in the name of the tyrant." The followers of the king stand awhile for their own, but the tyrant breaks down the door and sweeps in. The tyrant comes: she sits a white charger with trappings of silver, and lowers a lance tipped with diamonds that sparkle even after they are dipped in blood. Her armour shimmers, glimmering like the scales of a gold-fish beneath crystal waters. Her face is masked; but her lips are red and as they murmur "Sur- render!" a song of love in a cup of wine sweetened with the elixir of youth never bubbled over so merrily. The false people, forgetting their grief over their old king, forgetting their promise to their new king, bow down and kiss the ground. Long live the tyrant.

That is the tyrant of the old year—that is the tyrant of the new year. She is the hereditary enemy of the years as they come and go. She strikes relentlessly; she breaks down the barriers of the will and tramples over the petty bulwarks of weak hearts. She has the strength of beauty, and withal few can withstand her. The people who bend beneath her march might ask, "Your name, sweet conquerress?" And she might answer: "Some call me Love, some call me Wine, and some dare not whisper the names they call me."

Once—once there was a man, a master of men, and such a one as one would like to meet again. The tyrant came: with a swift boast she cried, "I ride alone—I bear my lance alone." The man barred her way and swore by the gods he would stand by the little king and his word. With a cruel laugh the tyrant shook the yellow curls from under her head-plate and rode hard upon him. She struck at his pride—she struck at all the weakest points—but for naught "Yield but a little—just a little—and you are mine," she cried. "No—no—go back whence you came," he sternly answered.

Then the tyrant ceased her onslaught—turned half-away, and sobbed. The man drew a little closer, asked the reason why, and forgot to say "no;" and before he could recover his defense he was hers, and was lost in the numbers that brought up her train. The tyrant only gave a cold shiver of her white shoulders and counted this master of men among the other slaves.

That was the drink for friendship's sake, the guilt for love's sake; and the shackling of one's own self for the tyrant's sake.

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CHAS. C. THACH, M. A., President.

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# MISS JENNIE REYNOLDS OF AUBURN

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING PARTS.

A certain young lady of Auburn of rather prepossessing ways and a delicious gentleness of speech brings confusion into the camp of her followers. One, John Moray by name, she withdraws from a scheduled game of football by means of soft words and sweet dallying; the other fills his place on the team with something of a rush. Of course there is but one alternative: the aggrieved one provokes a quarrel, is challenged, and accepts. The fight is to take place in O'Hara's bottom; and Miss Jennie Reynolds fails to relieve the situation by an appeal to John Moray.

## PART IV.

She watched him as he went down the walk. She repeated to herself what he had said, "John Moray will not sell himself for sullied gold—he's the devil for no less than a heart of blood"; and hung her head. "I could give him no more," she said shortly—"gold, no more," she said slowly, as she toyed with the locket and chain at her throat. "Once I had a heart of blood, but now—now it is not mine to give." She laughed a pleased laugh as if such a loss were not altogether a source of regret, and went back in the parlor.

"I'm a pretty come-off," she said as she drooped over the mantel like a swaying lily, and the red of the fire kissed the white cheek and made the lily blush. "John Moray will not sell himself! The idea! He's not worth selling. At least I would not give him a quarter, or even a drop of his price". But there was just a little bitterness in her depreciation of Moray's value. "I will fix him," she continued, "if I have to do it myself." At this resolution she glanced around uncomfortably, and finally fixed her eye on her father's coat through the door-way to the hall. "I wonder!" she exclaimed; but the pants—the pants," she said disconsolately.

There was an old negro servant in the Reynold's house-hold, called Mrs. Malinda Martha Washington Jackson by the "ladies" of her color and calling and just Lindy by the "women" of the house-hold. It was to this old reliable that Jennie Reynolds appealed at the particular moment she caught sight of the coat in the hall-way. When Lindy made her appearance with "Honey—bress yo sugar-plump hide, whut is it yer wants wid yo ol mammy?" Jennie Reynolds proceeded to question her in regard to certain articles of apparel.

"Auntie," she began, "do you know where I might procure a pair of—of pants?"

"Fo de law's sake, chile, whut does yer want wid pants? Whut kinder pants, anyways" she cackled.

"Oh, Lindy, you know what I mean—an uniform pants—and a coat to match. Quit your giggling, and tell me."

"I allus wuz so ticklish, chile, and dese here pants yer speaking bout—yer sure yer don't mean a skut? Sho nuff, now?"

"I've told you, Lindy, what I want. Can you, or can you not, get them for me?"

"Uv cose, honey, now'se we're down ter bizness. Yer know'se Ise a wash-lady en' does mendin fo de college boys sides my work wid yer maw. I kin git you eny-

thing fum a putty blue cap down ter—ter—but Idassent say whut. Does yer want them fer keeps?"

"No, no. I just want to borrow them for a little while. Are you sure the boys won't miss them now, Auntie?"

"Lawsy, no, chile. Dem dere boys'll be jes dat glad fer er excuse to de—le—whut's de military man's name over ter de college—ter tell yer de truf, dez'd like ter lose em fer good."

"Well, Lindy, you fix me up a whole layout—one cap with a gold cap-cord, one coat, and one pair of pants rather long in the legs." The girl's eyes danced a two-step till they met the old negress' for a partner, and then drew back into a quiet corner.

When Mrs. Malinda Martha Washington Jackson had retired with flying colors to the kitchen, Jennie Reynolds sat down and hastily wrote a note requesting the presence of Mr. Henry Stakeley at her home as quickly as his "friendship" permitted. From the speed he made on receiving her note his friendship seemed to be pretty fast.

"Oh Henry," she began in a tragic way, "you are lost, irretrievably lost to the world—to your friends—if you—"

"That would not worry me in the least if the world's loss were not the devil's gain," he said jestingly. "But what is it you want with me little girl?"

\* \* \* \* \*

After John Moray went away from the Reynolds' home, away from the fire that scorched him and at the same time drew him nearer to the enchanting glow of its warmth, his steps which on leaving the big gate were strides came to a dead halt. "Perhaps I should not have spoken so harshly to the girl," he said pivoting on one foot as if half in the notion to go back. "But," he muttered, and his brows came closer together in a scowl, "circumstances alter many things, and of these things she has yet to learn. She is young and this arbitrary king of love of hers is a new-comer and wears but lightly the fresh-leaved crown of her heart. It is her first love and—well—oh God, if it were only me!" John Moray's color deepened and the blood in his heart thickened; then he passed his hand before his eyes and said slowly, "what was it the girl asked me to do? Oh yes, about those shells. She wants blanks, and I want—want an article in each one of them that is not at all backward in its progress—in fact, carries light wherever it goes. No, no, I don't believe I want to kill Stakeley. They've done me wrong, but—I can hardly blame him for what he's done."

Moray paced up and down the side-walk a few minutes then came to an abrupt halt. "I believe I'll do it," he said, "yes—I'll do it. He'll never examine the cartridges after he selects his pistol. He'll never know but what we're shooting the real things. The scare he'll get the nerve tuning he'll have to undergo at the hands of the great musician Fear will be all the satisfaction I need—I guess," he said with a sort of hollow laugh. "Then the girl—

Jennie—will have her devoted back again and I—I—" Moray choked. He finally concluded in a low voice to himself: "It will seem strange that we both miss fire all round, but no one will ever suspect—they can't. She said empty shells, and empty shells they shall be. Oh God, I have sold myself to the devil—the very thing I told her I wouldn't do—but by the grace of Heaven the devil shall never know of the bargain—I mean, she shall never know what I have done for her. She will have to suffer for awhile anyway, this poor slave of man," he said half in scorn, forgetting that he would willingly have been master there.

## PART V.

She glanced impatiently at the old-fashioned clock on the mantel. "He was to be here at six, and it is a quarter past now. What can be the matter with him?" She questioned herself anxiously and continued hastily: "He shall not fight John Moray—he must not—even if I have to take his place which would be a little hard, for they are a bad fit, a very bad fit ~~too tight~~ and—" she did not see the little cupid who with one leg extended in the air held aloft the body of the blue lamp smile, and went on with her plan. "How in the world am I going to keep him here while I transact the little matter in hand for him? It would be useless to try to persuade him to stay away. They are to fight at eight and nothing could hold him—not even these," glancing petulantly at her slenderly fair arms encircled with streams of lace. Ah yes—I know what I will do. Just as he is ready to go I will leave him, telling him to remain till I return—and that will be after—after it is all over. He will not dare to leave."

\* \* \* \* \*

The half-hour stroke pealed through the silence between them. "Half-past seven," he muttered, "one-half hour till—till—but then I'll be back, sweetheart: Now I must tell you good-by."

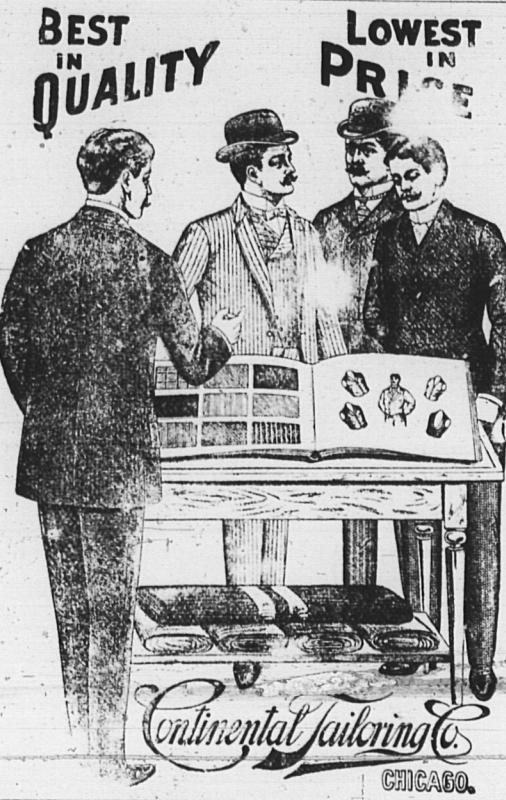
"Oh no, you must not—not yet," she murmured. "I have something to tell you—something fine. Just you wait here till I come back." She parted her lips and opened wide her eyes to show the treasures hidden there; and as he stretched out his hands to catch her she stood in the doorway one tantalizing second, then fled down the hall. "Just you wait there," she called back to him.

"I'll wait—you bet your life—I'll wait," he answered.

Jennie Reynolds closed the door of her room behind her. "I must be quick," she said; now where—where are those pants Lindy got me—where in the—oh yes, here they are. They are a rather close fit in—but here goes—"

When the girl completed her toilette, and the bluish-gray of the uniform covered the softlines, never was there a fairer cadet nor one who laughed as sweetly at himself as he stood before his mirror. "Oh my hair—what shall I do?" she wailed. Then she caught it up in a firm grasp, caught up a silken gold in a clasp of dainty silver; then picked up

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the cadet cap which was also furnished by the kindness of Mrs. Malinda Martha Washington Jackson. She placed it on her head, inclosing the mass of hair. Then stepping back from the mirror till the beauty of her full length could be seen she exclaimed with a frown and toss of her head—"Good gracious—what a sight—all—all for the love of him. "Opening the door to the kitchen she called, Lindy—Lindy!"

"Saints an' sinners!" that worthy member of the household exclaimed on seeing the joint combination of her borrowings and the person of Jennie Reynolds.

"Fo de lub uv goodness, whut ails ye, chile?"

"Be quiet, Lindy, and do what I tell you. There's a young man in the parlor, a friend of mine. Go in and tell him I'll be back in a minute—do you understand? Repeat this performance about every ten minutes till I get back. I'm going out on a little errand. And say, get father's over-coat off the hall-rack as you come back."

"Look-a-here, honey, sposin dat young man won't stay fer ten minutes mo' after I tells him ter wait bout er minute?"

"He'd better—" There was a sort of playful glittering in Jennie Reynolds' eye—"Yes he'd better, Auntie; but anyways you can coax him along, you know—call him "chile" and preach him a sermon on patience. You know how to work that, Lindy."

"Lawser mussy, chile—yes—I'll keep him till de roosters crow fer day-break if you say so."

"Not quite that long, Auntie, I'll be back, in a short while—that is if I am able," she added with a little nervous shake. "Now bring me father's over coat." Soon she heard an exclamation or two from the parlor, and Lindy's caressing tones—then the old negress came back with the over-coat and a broad smile on her face.

"I fixed him, sho's yer bawn, Honey." She beamed on Jennie Reynolds as if the world's centre was in the dewy depths of the girl's eyes.

"Jennie Reynolds drew the over-coat over her frail figure, muffled it about her ears; and went noiselessly out the side-door, "This over-coat, and the moon's not very clear—that's disguise enough," she said.

#### PART VI.

At the foot of the hill there is a gully spanned by a narrow footbridge—just beyond this, to the right of a hedge is O'Hara's bottom, clear in spots where the hurrying of many feet had told many tales and left untold many more of Honor and Honor's fair consort, Love. At times the moon seemed to hide its face behind the clouds for sheer shame at what was to be done down there in the bottom. John Moray was on hand promptly as the big clock in the college building told the hour of eight—he and his second, Stevens, together with several interested parties. Moray paced impatiently up and down the green sward. "Surely the fellow hasn't renegued," he muttered. "He's no coward, I know, but where is he? I've substituted the blanks as she asked; but there's one thing certain, he must fight—he must

have all the fear that comes to one with six inches of cold steel in his hand and a very similar substance in the other fellow's hand. That much is due me."

Suddenly a figure appeared at the crest of the hill, outlined darkly against the gray of the West—a figure in a long black over-coat, the face beneath the uniform cap being hardly distinguishable in the faint light of the moon where it broke through the clouds. Falteringly the figure came down the hill.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Here he comes now," the group gathered in the hollow said. "But where is his second?—who is his second anyway?" None of the group could answer and waited for the figure to draw near.

"Where is your second, Stakeley?" they asked as soon as he came into their midst. Stakeley started, then shook his head which was muffled closely in the over-coat.

"Speak out, man, what's the matter with you?" Stevens expostulated. "Don't keep us waiting: we can hardly see by the moon now, and it's liable to go behind the clouds entirely any minute. If you did not wish to implicate any of your friends in this affair, it's all right—Butler here will act for you."

Stakeley bowed, but did not answer.

"Oh well, if your tongue's tied, I don't guess your hand is—take one of these." Stevens held out two pistols which glinted ominously in the pale light.

Stakeley stepped forward with his face turned half away from the crowd: then a small white hand slipped out of his sleeve and quickly took up one of the two pistols.

"Stevens," said Butler, "twenty paces was the distance settled on, was it not? We might as well begin this thing—you are sure the pistols are all right?"

"Perfectly sure," Stevens replied.

"Well, here's your position, then." Stakeley slightly shrank from Butler's touch as he was motioned to his position. "Station your man, Stevens," Butler continued.

At the command "Ready" the face of Moray's opponent flinched, and his hand quivered as he raised his pistol to the level. At the first fire Stakeley tottered.

At the second he fell, and as he fell a low cry came from his lips.

"Oh God!" Moray gasped, "that is not Stakeley." Like a flash he was at his opponent's side, and bent over the fallen figure which had drawn the over-coat across its face as it fell.

"Stand back, boys—Stakeley's shot—give us air," Moray commanded. He seemed to forget that he was hardly the one qualified to act in such an emergency; but the others did as he asked.

\* \* \* \* \*

Moray leaned over the body of the girl, and drew the coat back from her face. Drops of perspiration moistened her forehead, but her lips were dry with anguish. "I—I am afraid—I'm hurt," she moaned brokenly.

"No—no you are not—you can't be," Moray whispered in her ear; "you know you told me to use blanks, and blanks never hurt."

"Oh," she said with a little sigh of relief.

Moray raised up. He had leaned over her for a little more than a minute. "Boys," he said, "Stakeley's in a bad fix—in his side, you know. All of you go for the doctor in a jiffy. To the doc—only an accident, you know.

When the last one of his friends, even including Butler, the constituted second of Stakeley, had disappeared over the hill, Moray bent over the girl again. "You are not hurt," he said kindly—"perhaps you were frightened—that was all. We had better go before the doctor comes. I suppose," he added bitterly, "you don't wish to see the doctor in your present costume?"

"No—no," she said, raising her weary head. "I don't want to see anyone." She glanced down at her male attire, and a faint blush tried to surmount her pallor but could only creep along the edges of her throat. "Yes," she faltered, "I must go. Would it be asking too much of you to see me home?"

"Yes—too much—" he paused. "And yet—here, take my arm."

Silently the two made their way to the Reynolds home; and as they came up the avenue they saw Stakeley walking to and fro in the parlor, his silhouette like a black shadow on a white screen. "Won't you come in," she asked at the threshold; and as he followed her into the parlor he heard Stakeley's smothered exclamation at her appearance.

Moray stepped quickly into the parlor. "Stakeley," he said hastily, "I wish to apologize for the insult I offered you."

"Why, what do you mean?" Stakeley stammered.

"My meaning should be obvious enough," Moray answered. "Do you see her?" he asked, pointing to Jennie Reynolds. "Do you see that garb? When a woman loves a man like that there must be something in the man. She put on those things—she came to O'Hara's bottom—she took your place, and you are a scoundrel if—but then—"

The girl laughed. "You said you were the devil's for no less than a heart of blood," she said teasingly. "You used blanks—you sold yourself to the devil and" (glancing defiantly at Stakeley) "your price is very nearly given you; but, since I cannot give you that, will this do, John?" She leant toward him and lifted her face, her lips half-parted and her eyes half-closed. "Go send your mother—I'd as soon kiss her," he answered; but his eyes mocked his words as he bowed himself out the door.

THE END.

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